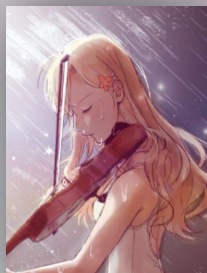




Discover ▾

[Log in](#) | [Sign up](#)

Raindrop Violinist



violin

raindrop

memories

298 59 29

Chapter 1 by Tailors <3

She stood in the street as it rained. A violin in her hand. She lifted her violin and began to play a mellow tune. A door of one of the houses opened and she was joined on the street by a boy.

Chapter 2 by -



He calm quietly cradling viola. He listened for a moment, put the instrument in position, and joined in. It was a recognizable song. A very sad one.

"The Hanging Tree." He remembered it well, the unique tone.

The two musician's voices blended together into one, harmonious chord. As the two became more accustomed to the notes, they watched each other play.

The bow arm moving smoothly up and down. The slender neck embracing the instrument. And the delicate fingers gliding and vibrating along the strings.

They observed, until their twinkling eyes met. Then the music slowly came to a halt. And a hush fell over them as their hands reached out for the other's.

See more of Story Wars

Chapter 3 by VDB_UNO

A new music flows from th
begin to play. A happy tune now.

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

up their instruments and

In a house down the road, the curtain lifts from the window and a little black face peeks out. Tears streak down her face as she listens to the beautiful music. She leaves the window and gracefully dances across the floor to a large case. A cello. She gently pulls it out and walks out the front door.

The two on the street look up and see the little black girl carrying her cello towards them. She sits down on the curb and joins in with the music, tears mingled with rain streaming down her face.

The music changes to a soulful tune as the cello takes over their hearts. Again the music flows throughout them, the music of friendship.

Chapter 4 by Kiri



And, the music of friendship did not stop there. The ever-changing melody pervaded every street corner, every classroom, every train station. It attracted people from all over the world to join in with the music and friendship making or merely to watch in awe as a new melody seemed to take shape, then to transformed into something entirely different.

From a trickle to roar, what began as whispers throughout a town became shouts on the radio, became news stories on TV. There was no one who hadn't heard of the music of friendship being passed across the globe.

A violinist, a viola player, a cellist became seventeen violinists, fifteen violas, eight cellists, twenty flutists, ten percussionists, and so on.

No one knew what to make of it, but the heart of each musician was changed by this experience. They listened to their fellow musicians. Some would contribute to the message being shared another, while others would explore a new path and set the ensemble out on a new and unknown musical journey.

Sharing music with the world is a longstanding tradition, and I choose to continue it by...

Chapter 5 by Seawheathyrn

See more of Story Wars



The People danced and listened to the music of happiness, and anger, and love. Dancing around and around the world, the music goes on and yet, the people are still dancing, still playing, music still there.

Login

or

Create new account

Chapter 6 by ΒΕΙΙΑ

Until one day. People stopped dancing. The musicians played on. The music flowed through the empty streets. They played a happy song, nobody came, nobody danced. They played a harrowing and depressing song. Nobody came to listen, no tears were shed. The musicians started to pack up their instruments, and leave. Soon, there were only two, back where it started. The girl and the boy. Two violins intertwining. The sounds were beautiful. Maybe beautiful enough to summon something special?

Chapter 7 by Lanz Pagaran

After two years of going their own way, they made it back to where it all started. The place was rundown and looks like a ghost town. Silence engulfed the town. She was near the town square where people would dance around the music they created. He was sitting on a bridge that overlooked the river.

He brought out his viola and started playing Nightcore. She started playing Rondo Capriccioso. The music they played filled the air, but it never reached the other.

They played and played until tears fell down from their faces. They played until their fingers were sore. Just as they stopped. The house atop the hill lit up.

They both noticed it and started heading towards the house, with hopes of finding someone.

Chapter 8 by -

And they did. They found the legend. The virtuoso.

They found the Raindrop Violinist.

the end

See more of Story Wars

Write a comment...

Login

or

Create new account

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account